Copyright

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

By Anna C. Minogue

CHAPTER XVI

The sun had set when Clay Powell reached Cardome. He encountered the Judge walking under the pines, and to him first gave the message he had come so far to deliver. The Judge, perhaps, was prepared for it; prepared, too, for the words which immediately followed, announcing that Powell would join his editor-friend. Nevertheless, the old man drew himself up and said: "You were both dear to me, not for your own sakes alone, but also because of your fathers, my friends and comrades-in-arms. I have loved you, but my country's enemies are not, can never be, other than my enemies."

Powell bowed his head, but made no immediate answer. He knew that a chord snapped in the old man's heart when those words were spoken. Then he replied, and his voice was calm:

"You know us both. You know also that we are the last to make an appeal against such a sentence. But I bear from Mr. McDowell messages to Mrs. Todd, Miss Castleton and your sons. To his words of farewell I would add my own."

"You and Mr. McDowell and all other friends of my family are always welcome to Cardome," said the old man, with dignity. He led the way to the house, and as they reached the library there suddenly came to young Powell the remembrance of the first time he had stood there. The thought of the welcome that had been given him then made him now say, as the Judge was turning away after having sent for his wife and Virginia:

"I have accepted your decision, stern, and to me, unjust, as it seems. Yet in parting, perchance, forever, may we not part as friends do?" and he extended his hand.

The old man looked on him, and the yearning expression of the blue eyes travelled into Powell's soul and made him instantly forgive him when Judge Todd turned from the outstretched hand and left the room. Mrs. Todd had gone with her sons for a walk, and after despatching a servant for them, Virginia went to the library. For a brief space she seemed overpowered by the knowledge that the dreaded fear was at last realized, that the hour that was to try her soul with its scorching fire was upon her. But she was a soldier's daughter; so, driving back her tears—ah, there would be long days and longer nights for tears!—she said:

"You have not found me unprepared. I felt I should one day receive such a message, hear such intelligence," and, looking on him with a gleam of light in her eyes, "I am glad that I have not been mistaken in you. It is hard for a man to tear himself from those dear to his heart; hard for him to abandon pursuits just as, after years of struggle, they are bringing him to the goal of success; hard to quit comfort, luxury, ease, for privation, misery, danger; hard to lay down the probability of long life for the almost certainty of cruel death; and yet, harder than all these is it for a man to go through life wearing the brand of cowardice, as he must who, when his country calls upon him to defend her honor, turns a deaf ear to her voice. I know," she added, "that you and Mr. McDowell have had ample opportunities of proving your devotion to your cause in a less dangerous way than the one upon which you are now entering; but to you such a proceeding would have been scarcely less dishonorable than not serving her at all. For you both there was but one road, and though that may lead you into suffering, misery, danger, of which we can form but a faint conception—for who can picture the unknown?—yet you will follow it unflinchingly though it takes you down even to death! You will not falter. And the fiercer the conflict, the thicker the dangers, the stronger the foe, the more determined you will be to conquer or die; and remember, if it must be the latter, that fate has no sweeter gift for man than death in the holy performance of a holy duty; and the next holiest duty after that which man owes to his God is that which he owes to his country."

"Ah!" cried Powell, his feelings breaking through the reserve of his nature, "he who goes to battle to the sound of such words can not be other than a victor! It seems, listening now to you, that it is not you alone speaking, but our fair mother, the South, and that I am not hearing words addressed only to me, but to every man in whose veins runs one drop of Southern blood. Ever you have been to me, since the day we met in yonder room, the perfection of womanly grace and beauty. I know you to be that rare one we look for half our lives, and doubt the reality of the other half—a great woman. You have made all womankind henceforth sacred in my eyes; and never cruel wrong is wrought by him who reverences all women because of one, whom—" and then Clay Powell stopped abruptly.

"Oh," said Virginia, instantly, "I am only a woman, whose sister you will find in every home. Love and protection have made us timid in the small things of life, but in the great, we are not found wanting; and not a sister, not a mother, not a wife, in buckling on her soldier's sword but speaks as I have spoken. Then when you are ready, strong in heart and nerved in arm, to go from us, we do the only thing left us to do for you: we pray for you. Oh! God spare you, my friend! God spare you!" Then a quiver ran along her tones, a tear hung on her eyelash; and he took her hand, held it for a moment in his, looked long into her eyes as if he would drink from their deep wells all the strength and courage for those dreadful after days; then bent his head and kissed her white fingers.

Yet the sadness of that parting was tempered with sacredness, but not so one that the morrow brought. Hal had made his decision, and as he watched the black horse bearing away from Cardome the friend he loved, he knew there was only one thing left for him to do—to follow. He first imparted his intention to Virginia, nor could all her pleading with him to wait, her counsel that the South did not yet need mere boys to rush to arms in her defence, alter his determination.

"I must go! I must go! he replied to all her words. 'Never yet, since 'the scholarly John Todd' and his brother Levi came to Kentucky with the Lees in 1773, have Kentuckians heard the call to arms that a Todd was not among the first to respond. There are only two of our branch of the family left. Tom may perpetuate the name and add to it greater glory in the peaceful pursuits but I must be a soldier. Let a Todd go to this war as he has gone to every other. If he dies, he has added another of his name, although the least worthy, to valor's list; if he lives—well, he will be glad enough! But go he must! Virginia," throwing out his right hand. "I wouldn't have Powell and Phil and the rest of them ride off with Morgan without me—no, not for the longest and happiest of lives that has ever been lived at Cardome!"

When he heard of his son's decision, it seemed to Judge Todd that the last drop of bitterness had been pressed into his cup of sorrow. With a grief that crushed his heart, he had witnessed the traitorous defection (as he called their doing what to them was right) of the sons of friends dear to him as brothers had been; but that such a course should be pursued by his own son, and by the boy he loved with the deepest affection of his soul, seemed an affliction past endurance. All that long night he sat in his little office, its door barred against even his wife, and there fought his battle, the greatest ever waged in human hearts, when pride takes up arms against love. Pride conquered, as it oftenest does, and in the gray of the September morning, while as yet only those were up from whose eyes sleep had been driven by the fear of what would result from that night's conflict, the Judge called his family together in the library.

"Harold," he said to his son, "a father does not plead with his children; he commands. But I—I have not been like all fathers. So I beg you, my son, for your own sake, for your mothers' sake, for my sake, to abanden this traitorous design and spare my house and name its first disgrace!"

"Father!" cried Hal, "do you call it disgrace to do what honor bids? Then must I be disgraced!"

"You are too young," urged the father. "What do you know of the right or wrong of this conflict? You are carried away by the foolish enthusiasm of youth. You have heard that Phil and Powell and other of your friends are off fighting for the South, and you would madly join them."

"Yes, it is true," said Hal, his eyes shining, "that I am young. Yet John Todd was not much older when he left his quiet home in Virginia to fight the Indians. It is true, too, that many of my friends have gone to the war. I am rejoiced over it. But if you know me at all, father, you must know that if they had not gone, yes, if all Kentucky were fighting for the North, I, believing the cause of the South is right, must go where my conscience bids me."

"You will go, then?" asked the Judge.

"I must," returned the son, though his voice was husky.

"Even though by so doing you put yourself under my anger, past forgiveness?"

"Even so!" he said, although his face was white.

"Then," said Judge Todd, lifting his hand and pointing toward the door, "go. But never again cross the portals of my house! Never again call me father!"

"Father!" cried Thomas, while Virginia fell on her knees before the stern old man; but Mrs. Todd said no word, only her lips quivered and her face grew white. Hal stood looking at his father, and the terrible pain that was tearing the young heart almost made him cry aloud. Then he turned his face toward his mother.

"Mother!" He could go no further; but she understood all that cry would say, and went to him quickly.

"You are always my own, my darling boy!" she said, folding him to her heart, while the first tears of sorrow that she had ever shed for him dropped on his white face. Virginia bent lower, burying her face in her hands, while a hard sob escaped Thomas's lips; but not a muscle of the Judge's stern face relaxed. Then Hal lifted his head from his mother's breast, where it had rested for the last time, and said to his father:

"I had not hoped for your approval of my course, knowing that you entertained a view different from mine; but I had looked for your justice, as I had believed that your love would make you condone what you could not commend. You will give me neither justice nor forgiveness. But my father, I give you both, and love that will only cease to warm my heart when it shall cease to beat."

He waited a little, his young heart craving one last word from the father for whom he still entertained all a boy's ardent admiration; but the set lips did not unclose, nor the eyes lose their frozen expression; then the mother led her son away.

"Rise, Virginia, rise!" the Judge half sternly said, while he looked at Thomas, who had turned his face toward the window. He crossed the floor, and taking from its place on the wall the sword which he had worn at Buena Tista, he said to the still figure at the window:

"A month ago, Thomas, you asked permission to join the Kentuckians, and I counselled you to wait. Now, my son, I bid you go!" and he laid his sword in the young man's hand.

For an instant a glad light shone in Thomas's dark eyes, but it faded as there came to him the thought of the brother against whom that sword might one day be drawn. Then some words that his father had uttered in this very room one August day, a year before, as the carriage was waiting at the portico steps to take Bessie away from Cardome, came back with startling distinctness. It made him say, with the proud lifting of his head that had not been seen since that time:

"I take your sword, father, and I promise that it shall never be dishonored in my hands. I am going at your bidding now where a month ago I wanted to go because of my own conviction. The cause I have espoused is as sacred to me now as it was then; so now is the cause of my enemies, on account of the one who goes to it to-day. But I declare there has not been, since Cain slew Abel, so unholy a conflict as this upon which we are entering!"

And that day Hal, alone, rode to Lexington to join Morgan's cavalry; and on the next, attended by Pete, whom of all the slaves he had selected as his body-guard, Thomas went to join the Federals at Louisville.

TO BE CONTINUED

HOW A MESSAGE CAME FROM WITHIN THE VEIL

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked Polly, the society editress of the Daily Bugle, as she glanced at Florian Stroone, the city editor of the same journal. It was 4 o'clock, and an idle time. The afternoon edition of the Bugle was just being cried on the streets.

"I believe that the dead, as we call them in our shallow way," said Stroone, "do sometimes appear in this world. I should as soon think of doubting my own existence."

"And upon what do you base your belief?" asked Polly.

"Upon a variety of evidence," said Stroone, "which I consider convincing. First of all, the fact is clearly testified to in the Bible. The prophet Samuel after death appeared to King Saul, as the witch of Endor's. Not that I believe the witch had any power to summon him from the dead. But Samuel had a message for Saul and came, I believe, to deliver it in the only way that he knew Saul would believe."

"Did you ever have a vision of this kind?" asked Polly.

"It would mean quite a bunch of stories," said Stroone, "if I answered your question fully. However I will start at the beginning and relate a strange phenomenon that much impressed me at the time it happened."

"Let's go and have tea," said Polly. So the story was told to the clatter of cups in the Blue Moon tea room.

"The subject of 'ghosts' always interested me as a boy," began Stroone, but as I grew older I became sceptical. God Himself after a time seemed to hide Himself from my philosophy. Not that I ever lost faith in the existence of God, but I could not comprehend the ways of Providence. As I looked at the sorrows of this world, I began to doubt whether God had really any concern as to things that happen here. I ceased to go to church, for the most part, or if I went, I found the services uninteresting, for God had become to my mind merely an abstraction. I became what the world terms an agnostic. This agnosticism of mine led me into constant arguments with an elderly lady friend, a Mrs. Greaves, who often came on visits to our house. She was separated from her husband, owing to the latter's fault, and her sorrow for his misconduct had served to deepen her piety to a great degree. Indeed, she would have made an excellent nun. She had the spirit of detachment from the world and the deep love for the worship of God that lead so often to the cloister.

"The supernatural life is the only one worth living," she said to me one day.

"I know you think so," said I, "but then the next world seems a reality to you."

"And I believe it will be a reality to you some day," said my old friend smiling.

"Well, Mrs. Greaves," said I, smiling, too. "If you leave this world first, come back again, will you, and let me know that there is a next world? And if I go first, I'll do the same for you."

"That's a bargain, then?" said the old lady. "We'll shake hands upon it." So the pious old dame of nearly seventy years, and I, who was just twenty, shook hands upon that strange compact.

"Did she keep her bargain?" asked Polly, who was intensely interested.

"I believe she did," said Stroone, "but not quite in the way I expected. But before I go further I must tell you that I had never spoken of this compact to anyone, not even to my aunt, with whom I lived, for careless as I was when I made it, there had come to me almost a sense that in this bargain there was something sacred. Mrs. Greaves left for the South of England. Six months passed, and we received the news of her death from concussion of the brain. She had fallen down some awkward stairs in her apartments and never regained consciousness. Strange to say, her husband was lying ill in his own house in the same town and died half an hour after. Separated for many years in life, they were summoned by death almost together. Perhaps the strangest thing of all was that at the time of her death I never once thought of the compact we had made. I was going out a good deal in society at the time, for I had money in those days, and I suppose I grew forgetful. However, one evening I was sitting smoking in an easy chair in the drawing room of our house in West Derby, Liverpool. My aunt was sitting knitting at the opposite side of the fire place. Suddenly she glanced up and uttering a startled cry, gazed steadily in front of her, apparently at something behind my chair.

"What are you looking at?" said I, "and what made you call out like that just now?"

"I saw Mrs. Greaves standing behind your chair," said my aunt slowly and solemnly.

"You did?" I said, and I glanced round and gazed behind my chair, almost expecting to see my old friend standing there before my eyes. But I saw nothing. Yet I felt somehow that she had kept her promise, and I told my aunt, who was a very pious woman, of our strange compact. We began to discuss solutions. One thing puzzled me greatly. Why had my old friend appeared to my aunt and not to me?

"I expect it's because you have lost touch with religion," said my aunt. If you had had sympathy with the supernatural, I think you would have seen Mrs. Greaves as I did."

"Maybe," said I reflectively, and my mind seemed full of a sense of dawning sight. "But I wonder why Mrs. Greaves should appear to you, with whom she had no compact?"

"I feel sure she had a message for you," said my aunt. "She wanted you to know there is a life beyond the grave." H. T. R.

INDIAN MISSIONARY HONORED

THREE THOUSAND CATHOLIC REDMEN CELEBRATED ANNIVERSARY OF FAMOUS MISSIONARY'S ADVENT

Recently a great Catholic Indian congress was held at Greenwood, S. D., near the Yankton Indian agency. Over three thousand Indians were camped about the little church at Greenwood when the building was dedicated and a tablet was unveiled in honor of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the coming of Father De Smet among the Indians as a missionary.

Among the speakers on the occasion were Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Gorman of Sioux Falls, S. D.; Rt. Rev. Abbot Bernard Murphy, O. S. B., of Sacred Heart Abbey, Oklahoma, who has devoted his life to Indian mission work; Rev. W. H. Ketcham, director of the Catholic Indian bureau at Washington, and Mr. Henry Heide of New York, who donated the chapel at Greenwood in honor of Father De Smet. Dozens of priests and hundreds of white people attended the celebration.

GREATEST INDIAN MISSIONARY

Father De Smet was the greatest Indian missionary the world has ever known. He was born at Termonde, Belgium, January 30, 1801, and emigrated to the United States in 1821, through a desire for missionary labors. He entered the Jesuit novitiate at Whitewash, Md., where he remained for two years. In 1823 when the Jesuit novitiate at Florissant, Mo., was opened the young novice was among the pioneers sent to Florissant, and thus he became one of the founders of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus.

His first missionary tour among the red men was in 1838, when he founded St. Joseph's Mission at Council Bluffs for the Pottawatomies. At this time also he visited the Sioux to arrange a peace between them and the Pottawatomies, the first of his peace missions. What may be called his life work did not begin, however, until 1840, when he set out for the Flathead country, in the far northwest. As early as 1831 some Rocky Mountain Indians had made a trip to St. Louis, begging for a "black-robe," and at the time their request could not be complied with. Four Indian delegations in succession were dispatched from the Rocky Mountains to St. Louis to beg for "black robes," and the last one, in 1839, composed of some Iroquois who dwelt among the Flatheads and Nez Perces, was successful. Father De Smet was assigned to the task and found his life work.

IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY

He set out for the Rocky Mountain country in 1840, and his reception by the Flatheads and Pend d'Oreilles was an augury of the great power over the red men which was to characterize his career. Having imparted instruction, surveyed the field and promised a permanent mission, he returned to St. Louis; he visited the Crows, Gros Ventres and other tribes on his way back, travelling in all 4,814 miles. In the following year he returned to the Flatheads with Rev. Nicholas Point and established St. Mary's Mission on the Bitter Root River, some thirty miles north of Missoula, visiting also the Coeur d'Alenes. Realizing the magnitude of the task before him, De Smet went to Europe in 1843 to solicit funds and workers, and in 1844, with new laborers for the mission, among them being six Sisters from Notre Dame de Namur, he returned, rounding Cape Horn and casting anchor in the mouth of the Columbia river at Astoria. Two days after De Smet went by canoe to Fort Vancouver to confer with Bishop Blanchet, and on his return founded St. Ignatius' Mission among the Kalispels of the Bay, who dwelt on Clark's Fork of the Columbia river, forty miles above its mouth.

AMONG THE BLACKFEET

As the Blackfeet were a constant menace to other Indians for whom De Smet was laboring, he determined to influence them personally. This he accomplished in 1846 in the Yellowstone Valley, where after a battle with the Crows the Blackfeet respectfully listened to the "black-robe." He accompanied them to Fort Lewis in their own country, where he induced them to conclude peace with the other Indians to whom they were hostile and he left Father Point to found a mission among this formidable tribe. His return to St. Louis, after an absence of three years and six months, marks the end of his residence among the Indians, not from his own choice, but by the arrangement of his religious superiors who deputed him to other work at St. Louis University. His coadjutors in his mission labors made his foundations permanent by dwelling among the converted tribes.

IN THE GOVERNMENT'S SERVICE

De Smet now entered upon a new phase of his career. Thus far his life might be called a private one, though crowded with stirring dangers from man and beast, from mountain and flood, and marked by the successful establishment of numerous stations over the Rocky Mountain region. But his almost inexplicable and seemly instantaneous ascendancy over every tribe with which he came in contact, and his writings, which had made him famous in both hemispheres, caused the United States government to look to him for help in its difficulties with the red men, and to invest him with a public character. Henceforth he was to aid the Indians by pleading their cause before European nations and by becoming their intermediary at Washington.

In 1851, owing to the influx of whites in California and Oregon, the Indians had grown restless and hostile. A general congress of tribes was determined on and was held in Horse Creek Valley near Fort Laramie, and the government requested De Smet's presence as pacificator. He made the long journey, and his presence soothed ten thousand Indians at the council and brought about a satisfactory understanding.

In 1858 he accompanied General Harney as a chaplain in his expedition against the Utah Mormons, at the close of which campaign the government requested him to accompany the same officer to Oregon and Washington territories, where it was feared an uprising of the Indians would soon take place. Here again his presence had the desired effect, for the Indians loved him and trusted him implicitly.

IN THE SIOUX UPRISING

A visit to the Sioux country at the beginning of the Civil War convinced him that a serious situation confronted the government. The Indians rose in rebellion in August, 1862, and at the request of the government De Smet made a tour of the northwest. When he found that a punitive expedition had been determined on, he refused to lend to it the sanction of his presence. The condition of affairs becoming more critical, the government again appealed to him in 1867 to go to the red men, who were enraged by white men's perfidy and cruelty, and "endeavor to bring them back to peace and submission, and prevent as far as possible the destruction of property and the murder of the whites." Accordingly he set out for the Upper Missouri, interviewing thousands of Indians on his way and receiving delegations from the most hostile tribes, but before the peace commission could deal with them, he was obliged to return to St. Louis, where he was taken seriously ill.

In 1868, however, he again started on what Chittenden calls "the most important mission of his whole career." He traveled with the peace commissioners for some time, but later determined to penetrate alone into the very camp of the hostile Sioux. General Stanley says (ibid): "Father De Smet alone of the entire white race could penetrate to these cruel savages and return safe and sound." The missionary crossed the Bad Lands and reached the main Sioux camp of some five thousand warriors under the leadership of Sitting Bull. He was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. His counsels were at once agreed to and representatives sent to meet the peace commission. A treaty of peace was signed on July 2, 1868, by all the chiefs. This result has been looked on as the most remarkable event in the history of the Indian wars. Once again, in 1870, he visited the Indians to arrange for a mission among the Sioux.

TRAVELED 180,000 MILES

On behalf of the Indians, Father De Smet crossed the ocean nineteen times, visiting Popes, kings and presidents and traversing almost every European land. By actual calculation he travelled 180,000 miles on his errands of charity.

He died at St. Louis, Mo., May 23, 1873.—True Voice.

POSSIBLE SCHISM SAY ANGLICANS

BISHOP OF CHICHESTER SEES DANGER IN KIKUYU CONTROVERSY

London, July 26, 1915.

The Anglicans of England, lay and clerical, have found and utilized opportunity to escape from the distractions and mental turmoil of the war news—nor deemed it any waste of time—in order to indulge in a very serious discord which some go so far as to call threatened "Anglican disruption," over the much discussed Kikuyu affair. This "Banquo's ghost" will not down, but rises with steady persistence at every important conference of our separated brethren.

The Anglican Bishop of Chichester is the latest to add his voice to the Babylonian discussion; and he has added to the strenuosity as well as the sensational features thereof, by intimating that a schism in the ranks of the Church of England is impending over this very Kikuyu affair. His Lordship in a recent issue of his "Diocesan Gazette" had made this intimation quite broadly. He does not become denunciatory as are the Bishops of London and Hereford, of the recent pronouncement of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which His Grace practically approved of all that went on at the Kikuyu conference, but he treats His Grace facetiously and one might say with contempt, and dismisses the Archbishop, even though he be Metropolitan and Primate of the Church in England, as a kind of negligible person.

ADMITS RUMORS OF SCHISM

In admitting the rumors of impending schism "as being justified by established facts," the Bishop of Chichester goes on to say that he learns with great regret from letters he has received that the minds of some of the clergy have been disturbed by controversy, and that some have found in it a sufficient reason for leaving the church of their baptism and ordination and for choosing the path of schism."

This is a pretty candid admission as to what is going on within the fold of a church which began in schism, has endured in schism, and will probably perish in schism. At any rate, the Bishop of Chichester proceeds to censure those clergymen whose minds have been enlightened by the extraordinary failure of the Archbishop of Canterbury to rise to the height of the opportunity afforded him, or to make any effort even to pretend to think that his church possesses a valid Episcopacy charged with exclusive right to safeguard the teaching of the Truth. According to the Bishop: "Their hold on the Faith as once delivered to the Saints and maintained in the Anglican Communion must indeed have been very weak which would allow such precipitate action for so slight a cause." This sounds somewhat funny, as the real cause of the deplored defections was the refusal by His Grace of Canterbury to take steps to maintain that "the Anglican Communion" possesses one whit more right to claim to be the safe and sole depository of "the Faith" than do the Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, and Methodist Communions, whose representatives were all accepted as possessing an equality of spiritual orthodoxy at the Kikuyu conference by the Anglican Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda.

As for himself, the Bishop of Chichester goes on to say that it is his "Intention in the future as in the past to adhere to the Rubric as it has been in the prayer book since 1662." The Archbishop of Canterbury in his now famous decision treated the indictment of the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda as framed by the Bishop of Zanzibar as being frivolous and indiscreet, and virtually declares that the participation of Nonconformists at Anglican Episcopal Services would be no harm if not discovered.

Bishop Chichester will have none of this sophistry, however, and anathamatizes all the Nonconformists in his diocese.

CATHOLIC COVENANTERS UP IN ARMS

Meantime, a meeting of determined Anglicans, who style themselves "Catholic Covenanters," has been held in the Trevelyan Hall, Westminster, at which a "solemn League and Covenant" was drawn up and signed, is in the following terms:

"That since the policy of admitting members of separatist bodies to Holy Communion, or of admitting them to preach in the pulpits of the church is contrary to ecclesiastical order, that those present at this meeting pledge themselves, before renewing their subscriptions to Foreign Missions, or Missionary Societies, or making further collections in their behalf to obtain in every case an assurance that the practices mentioned above will not be permitted within the sphere of the Mission to be supported."

The war cry of these Covenanters is "Hold the Cash!" According to their leaders, large numbers of Anglican clergymen are seeking engagement in their ranks, but meantime silence still broods over Lambeth Palace, for His Grace of Canterbury sits stricken dumb!—New World.

THE PRIEST AND THE PROTESTANT SOLDIER

Evidence from all parts of the world where fighting is going on between the Allies and their foes to the fact that a great number of men are desirous of putting their spiritual house in order before they enter on the firing line. We have already printed much from French, English and German sources, on this subject. Let us add the following from the Rev. Father McMenimen, Chaplain to the New Zealand Expeditionary Forces. His letter is to his mother in New Zealand from Egypt, where the New Zealanders had some fighting with the Turks at the Suez Canal:

The dangers of the war are like a mission on the men, and many have returned to their duties after being away for years. I had a strange experience one night on the banks of the Canal. Our men were scattered, and I went to a strange camp. It was pitch dark when I got there, and the colonel in charge gave me a tent and said he would call out the Catholics for me. A long double file of men marched before the tent, and I went out and spoke to them in the dark. I simply told them of the dangers that were likely to come (and did come that week from the Turks, and that as I was the only priest on the Canal, they might have no further chance of going to confession as I had to go to another place next day. I said there was no compulsion about it, but if they refused to go when they had the chance, the sole responsibility would be theirs. I mentioned that, because the sergeant told me when they came up that many of the men had complained of being marched out to confession. To my great surprise and pleasure, every single man stayed till late in the night, and all went to confession. But that is not what I started to tell you: it was about my strange experience. When I was about half way through with these men, a young fellow came in like the rest and knelt down beside me on the sand. Then he said: "I don't know whether I have any right to come in here, Father." I said: "Of course you have as much right as any one else." Then he staggered me by saying: "But I am not a Catholic, but a Protestant." I had to admit that that circumstance complicated matters somewhat, and I asked him what put it into his mind to come in. He said: "I felt that I would like to come in, and I want to be a Catholic." I chatted with him for a little while, and then he went away after I had arranged to instruct him. Unfortunately I had to go away to say Mass elsewhere, and in the war excitement I lost the run of him till we all came back here. In war time we have to do things quickly, and so he is going through in time to be confirmed by a Greek Catholic Bishop next Sunday.—Sacred Heart Review.

CHURCH OF BADEN

THE STORY OF MASTERPIECE MADE BY A REPENTANT SCULPTOR

Years ago there stood in the cemetery near Baden a large stone crucifix, somewhat damaged by exposure to the weather, yet so life-like in appearance that many a traveler wandering through the Rhine valley stayed his steps to admire its beauty. The story of the sculptor who made this crucifix will be new to most readers, says the Ave Maria.

In the year 1485 great excitement reigned in Baden. Sebald Kaerner, the sculptor, a man of quiet disposition and entirely wrapped up in his art, had in a fit of frenzy killed a fellow-citizen, and then, filled with horror at his own act, gave himself up to the authorities. There were many extenuating circumstances to be considered, and many a tear was shed as the old man told his story; but the law was severe in those days, and the jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder. In deference to public opinion, however, when the death sentence had been pronounced, the president of the tribunal addresses the prisoner as follows:

"Master Sebald, in consideration of your hitherto blameless life, and of the deep contrition you have shown, we grant you, at the request of his excellency the Margrave, one last wish before you die."

It was so unusual a concession that a deep hush fell on the court as the sculptor raised his head to answer: "My victim is dead, and it is not possible for me to atone for what is done. But before I die, if so much time be granted me, I would fain make the only amends in my power by carving one last image of the God I have so grievously outraged."

Sebald's wish was granted. He was led off to prison, where he was provided with everything necessary for the purpose he had in view. And then, as the dark days of winter succeeded each other, surrounded only by the damp walls of his dungeon, he chiselled feverishly at the masterpiece he wished to produce—a representation of Christ crucified. He had no model, of course, the jailer alone being allowed to enter; but